

*The
Being & Becoming
Book*

Unfold
Yourself
Gently

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The Being & Becoming Book – Unfold Yourself ... Gently

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Friends:

Why are millions of people buying books like The Secret, The Power of Now, The New Earth, and anything by Wayne Dyer or Deepak Chopra? Because humanity is experiencing an explosive spiritual awakening.

The Being & Becoming Book is a journal of my ascension process into a higher level of consciousness. It is full of "Ah-ha" moments, pointers and signposts to open your mind, open your heart and open your soul.

Merely a portal for these inspirations, I was usually awakened at sunrise, feeling a strong Presence and a connection with All-That-Is. I know this book was divinely inspired, because I don't do early mornings, and barely got up at dawn to give birth to my children!

These inspirations are powerful beyond words, triggers that resonate in your heart and nestle in that stillness within. You will cry upon realization of your sacredness, become One with the Essence of Life, and be touched by the Grace of the Divine.

This book is not another self-help book, which appeals to the mind. The Being & Becoming Book is a collection of short reflections that appeal to a deeper level of the spirit, and for this reason, the reader may more quickly awaken.

Blessings!

Cindy Clayton

Introduction

As you try on these reflections, the fit will be comfortable, because deep down you've worn them before. A part of us feels we have always been, and will always be. A deep part of us feels connected to All That Is, like a wave in the vast ocean of *Being*.

I simply want you to feel good about life, right where you're at, what you're doing, and who you are. I want you to know in the fiber of your bones that *you* are special, just by being alive, and that there is an inherent sanctity to reality.

There are no answers for you here. Would it bother you if there never were any answers to anything? If you knew that, maybe you would cease asking questions, and begin enjoying more peaceful and mindful living. But what I hope finds you in these reflections is yourself. Beyond your little me, your ego, is a greater Self trying to enter your consciousness right now. Find that becoming thing within, fearless and desire-less, and get out of its way. Your transformation is inevitable.

Rather than try fruitlessly to define Life, I'm trying to appreciate It, just the way It is, and just the way I am. I'm trying to show It the respect It deserves. Sounds like I'm in love, don't you think? The All-ness of Life has always been there, waiting for me to catch up.

My motivation for writing this book is to get your feet unstuck from the mud. And my feet. That's all! Start anywhere you like in this book. Like life, this book has no beginning. There may be a BANG here or a birth there, but Life has been going on and on... well... forever. Like life, my

book throws bits and pieces at you. Don't try to sort them! Just enjoy the ride. Trust Life to sort Itself out. It knows what It's doing. Trust yourself.

We find ourselves in a visible world of opposites that, like a benevolent magician, always has paradoxes up its sleeves. On the one hand, there are no true beginnings. Any beginning was Itself begotten. But on the other hand, EVERYTHING IS A BEGINNING. Every little thing. Life is always new, becoming, transforming, maneuvering with a propensity to exist, a flair to flourish, to nourish. This nurturing, this creation, is a field of Love, guidance, caring, betterment and encouragement to succeed at being the best life.

So, life is both without beginning and always beginning. Such is the nature of the Manifesting Power. Such is the nature of Eternity. Such is your inherent spiritual nature.

Enter that *Becoming* place...

To warm you up, I begin with a few reflections I wrote while living on a houseboat. Dwelling in silence and beauty, my spirit began unfolding.

After all these years, I remain in awe of the Mystery, and realize I don't need to know it all... I know enough. Life is good, and I appreciate the special journey it allows.

The Summons

Bring to me the poor and weary,
those too tired to sleep or think,
and all the blessed hearts of poets
come here to me to drink.

I shed the light on former problems,
and deepest hopes rekindle new,
I spread the bliss of just pure being,
my soothing magic cradles you.

Look no further, you've got it,
open your heart and see
you're a golden spawn of majestic Creation,
take joy in your heredity!



Prayer for New Awareness

May the magnificent power of the Spirit
ascend from the depths of our hearts.
Let it build a raging fire of love for mankind,
reverence for nature,
vision past the boundaries of civilization,
and eject us into greater consciousness.

To the Creator at Daybreak

Oh, Lighter of Prisms, Beginner of the Diamond,
as colors unfold, in spite of it all, it sure is nice.
Darkness into form, the glitter and magic of dawn.
From where? The center. The center - of me.

The dreams unfold, the dreams and the dreams.
The river always runs, though the snow becomes a hardened crystal.
Take me slow, I want to see it all, I want to know where I'm going
and with whom.
Doesn't the Prince come in the end?

Lighter of Prisms, Beginner of the Diamond, Burner of Bridges,
Chef of the Pot –
this thirst be quenched, I'd rather drop.

Interlude on the Riverbank

Oh, river, may you know the trees;
Oh, river, but may you not linger.
You are leaving and returning to your source.
Does man know his Source?

Why does he constantly search for what's behind form?
The veil will drop.
The mountain will crumble.
And then we shall see
our source is One.

Grace at Dawn

I watched the sunrise yesterday with two birds. They sat perched on the top branch of a tree. Other birds went about their business already, hopping and chattering inside a different tree. For fifteen minutes, as the sun rose, I caught every nuance of radiant light engulfing the clouds. Those two birds also faced the sun, quiet, not communing with each other, exposed, watching, receiving. They were focused on the dawn, and not each other.

Always looking to nature for pointers, “How nice,” I thought, “two birds, together, enjoying nature, how it used to be with my partner. It means peaceful relationships are possible. A joining of my soul to another. Maybe a good omen.”

Today, when I watched the sunrise, only one bird sat there alone and only lingered a while before flying high into the sky. “Perhaps it was my timing,” I thought. “Maybe there were two earlier, or will be later. Maybe a whole group brought in the dawn. I just missed it.”

But deep inside, I knew. We are all that solitary bird. At the last dawn, we shall fly into the sky, alone, hopefully embodied in peace, love and joy. Leaving in grace as we lived in grace and were born by grace. Departing back into the Oneness. For there is only One, and when stripped of our ego, we are that One.

The paradox is: when we are totally alone, crossing the line at our time of transition from this life, we feel like no one, and lonely. But in an instant, we are the One And Only, the All, which is everywhere and everyone. So the solitary bird is an illusion.

Need to Let Go

I need to let go, now. I've done the best I can, and all I can toward my spiritual growth. If the Grace of the Divine, the Eternal Love of the One Presence would rain on me, and surge from within, I could transcend the limitations of myself and resurrect to the One I am meant to be. But not by my hand will this fruit be grown.

So until the rain comes to the desert, it lacks blooms, yet is full of possibility and expectancy of fruition.

Soon, I will even give up the hope and need to let go. I'll go back to my little life, where I've been waiting for years, unbeknownst to my higher Self, to be born again by Grace.

Yours Truly,
Not-so-happily-stuck-in-the-mud

My Hope

I pray, though I am not a pray-er,
not for things I want, the Universe knows those, if I've read *The Secret*.
How could I ever tell the Universe anything,
as if It didn't know, record, stamp and validate existence.

What I pray for, though I am not a pray-er,
is to remember that each person I meet today
is living a drama, a dream:
half of them are having a bad day, confused/tired/stressed,
half of them are having a fulfilling day,
confused/tired/stressed/challenged/ambitious,
half of them or more don't sleep well,
half of them or more don't love life at its core, at its essence, they only relish
moments,
and half of them or more love life too well, yes that's possible,
for you feel life's misery and suffering, and the earth's pain.
And some of us continually wonder what half we're in.

What I do pray for, in no particular way and to no body of belief,
is that somehow man & womankind can reconnect to loving life again,
arms wide open, expecting nothing, being thankful for everything.

It's time to go along for the ride.
The world will continue to exist without me or you. Honestly.
It's been running Itself for millions of years without you or me,
believe it or not.
Pretend you have control, if your ego enjoys it. Just don't forget you are
playing. And, one minute you're here and the next minute, gone.

So, remember who you meet today, every single person, no one excluded,
the entire functioning of totality from the point of you
is on the ark with you.
And we're past the point of praying, for words don't mean a thing,
and there are no oars.

And the only thing left to do is to share our hearts,
to be kind to others and ourselves.
There can be no regrets,
for time is up.

Only a last chance to fling our arms wide open and love life –
as is –
not offering us any gifts in particular,
just love it for what it is,
and ALL it is,
as the waves take us...